the Feast Roosevelt and Woodruff There The Lotes Club entertained the Gridiron Club of Washington at dinner last night. The Gridiron Club, which is made up for the most part of Washington correspondents of various newspapers, came to New York on a special car yesterday afternoon. The proceedings at the Lotos Club after the dinner itself bad been served were of the most informal character. The informalities broke out every few minutes. At frequent intervals a member of the Lotos Club or the Gridiron Club rose and contributed to the gayety of the company on inspiration. One member of the Gridiron Club, at about the time the champagne was being poured out, got on his feet and sang the following song:

A town I know, it's not so slow, And it's quite wide open day and night, And we country lade, who never leave our dads. Can hardly cross Broadway without a fight. We have ideas antiquated, but we could be capti-

yated By a really baughty show. So if you will delight us, to "Sapho" you'll invite us, And we'll say "Phase take us when you go."

CHORUSE We have left our happy homes for you, You're the nicest men we ever knew. You have not decived us, with a dinner, too, We have left our happy homes for you. We have heard it said, 'twere better to be dead Than not to know this famous Lotos Club. And so we've travelled far, and here we are. And we'll sing your praises long and loud.

We want to get some pointers from such talente high pointers
In our simple, humble way.
But we'll not allow suppression to keep down our
genuine expression.
We would like to come and see you every day.

This was greeted with loud applause. Vice-President William Henry White of the Lotos Club, who presided in the absence of President Frank R. Lawrence, made the guests of the club thoroughly welcome. He informed them that last night was the thirtieth anniversary of the birth of the club. He learned later that it was very nearly the fifteenth anniversary of the birth of the Gridfron Club. At the close of Mr. White's speech President West of the Oridiron Club arose and carelessly remarked that the very best part of it was the few things in it that he had quoted from Shakespeare, and after a few kindred remarks he said that the Gridiron Club regretted to announce that it had become necessary for the Vice-President, Mr. White, to be suspended and

At this announcement a policeman in the full uniform of the Metropolitan police broke into the room, shoving the diners who were standing around the walls right and left, pushed his way back to the guest table and seized Mr. White by the scruff of the neck, and led him with no gentle hand out of the room amid the cheers of the diners. The policeman was afterward discovered to be a well-known Washing-

ton correspondent.

President West then took charge of the exercises. He said that he wished to introduce the Lotos Club minstreis. The rattle and bang of the tambourines were heard in the hall and the Lotos Club minstreis, being sixteen members of the Gridiron Club, marched in in singles file and took their rinces before the guests table. All wore high sits hats. Then ensued a most remarkable entertainment. Nearly every prominent person present received the compliments of the Gridiron Club in most pertinent fashion. Managing editors of New York newspapers, prominent politicians and other persons of great renown in this city were treated to new and original views as to their personalities. There was hardly a moment for the half hour that the minstreis continued in session that I fifth Avenue did not ring with the shouts and laughter of the diners.

At the conclusion of this unique entertainment the minstreis filed out and Vice-President White, who had been restored to the Chair, remarked with some feeling that the Lotos Club was very much obliged for the Gridiron Club. The entertainment, he said, had pleased the guests of the Lotos Club and had not disgusted the hosts. Mr. White them called attention to the lact that both the senior and junior United States Senators from New York State were present and said that the Governog and Lieutenant-Governog of the Governog and Lieutenant-Governog of the Governog and Lieutenant-Governog of the great relied to the covernog and Lieutenant-Governog of the great relied to the covernog and description of the senior and said that the Governog and Lieutenant-Governog of the great relied to the covernog and description of the fight, and pleased the guests of the Lotos Club and had not disgusted the hosts. Mr. White them called attention to the lact that both the senior and junior United States Senators from New York State were present and said that the Governog and Lieutenant-Governog of the guest of the covernog and Lieutenant-Governog of the guest of the covernog and descripti on correspondent. President West then took charge of the exer-

senior and junior United States Senators from New York State were present and said that the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York were expected later. "But," he said, "thank God for that which we have," and then he stopped with some suddenness. He then introduced Senator Pintt, who read the following poem upon the death of Peter Ishmael Gamaliel Potter, a former prominent citizen of Thoya county:

A PASTORAL POEM. With a cue-rious Pig-Tail AFTER HOOD.

BUT NOT MICH BEHIND SAXE.

N THE DEATH OF P. I. G. POTTER.

Ishmael Ganaliel Potter, familiarly know
"Pig" Potter fought for freedom, bored
for water and died for whiskey.)

The Potters were old Berkshire stock, Son "Pag" a blooded man. Who, with smooth-bore on his back, Helped free the sons of riam.

II. n peace and war he plied his arts.
For water or for blood.
He bored for one in rebels' hearts.
The other—in the mad. 111.

For water he would root like sin, 'Mul grants of fiendish murth, And plunge his hellish from in The low wells of the earth.

He saved his ba on in the "wah;"
He pay was not sin's wages,
He caret no stray, save sages saw
Him chopped into sau-sages.

Pig's pen produced choice tender-Rodnes, Rich Horrary meat, And when his sale was poetry, You'd sanile to see Pig's feet.

West of the Gridiron Club, sitting at Vice-President White's right, rose up, bowed gravely to Mr. Woodruff, and said:

"Vice-President, if you please, Mr. Vice-President," whereupon Mr. Woodruff sessmed somewhat abashed. He said he was sorry to thrust his presence upon the members of the Gridiron Club and they said they were sorry, too. He said that he was sorry because he knew that he must be a disappointment to them.

them.
"Where is that vest?" Inquired the Gridiron
Club in loud acclaim. Mr. Woodruff at some
length explained his feelings toward newspaper men and the peculiar nature of their longth explained his feelings toward newspaper men and the peculiar nature of their compilments to him.

E. B. Hay of the Gridfron Club, in the costume of a monk, then sang two or three songs. Members of the Gridfron Club present were: David S. Harry, L. White Bushey, L. A. Coollege, William E. Curlis, Arthur W. Duen, E. G. Dunnell, Richard Lee Fearn, E. J. Gibson, James S. Henry, Frank H. Horson, James S. Henry, Frank H. Horson, Francis E. Leupp, Robert L. O'Brien, Raymond, Patterson, Frank A. Richardson, George W. Rouzer, W. B. Stevens, A. J. Stofer, Jr., Henry L. West, Robert J. Wynn, Walter E. Adams, P. V. Dedraw, J. Harry Cunningham, Frank A. DePuy, E. B. Hay, Perry S. Heath, Herndon Morssell, Prank Presbrey, F. A. G. Handy, Frank V. Bennett, David E. Mickee and George H. Walker.

REBUKE TO BOSTON'S POLICE.

Admiral Dewey's Consin, the Judge, Give

Instructions as to Making Arrests. Poston, March 10 .- Judge Henry S. Dewey a cousin of Admiral Dewey, is not liked by the members of the Police Department. In his duties as Judge of the Munfeipal Court he has been obliged at times to express his opinion as to the veracity of certain testimony offered by police officers. On Thursday morning Judge Dewey gave a policeman some advice as to making an arrest without a warrant. Patrolman Linton of Station 4 brought a prisoner into court on a charge of assaulting his landlady. As the result of some dispute as to the man's right to occupy a certain room, the landlady demanded the key, but he refused to give it up. The woman tried to take it away from

it up. The woman tried to take it away from him, and she says he slapped her hand. Afterward she called in Patroiman Linton and he placed the lodger under arrest.

When before the court, Judge Dewey asked:

"When was this man arrested?" The patroiman replied that he took the man into custody four hours after the aneged assault.

"Did you have a warrant?" The answer was in the negative.

"Then why did you arrest him?"

"It is done right along. We all do it." replied Linton.

"But the law distinctly says that a person cannot be arrested for amisdemeanor without

"But the law distinctly says that a person cannot be arrested for a misdemeanor without a warrant, unless the officer is witness to the act itself." The officer remained silent. "Doesn't it state that in the police manual?" asked the Judge.
"Yes, your Honor, replied the officer.
"Have your manual?"
"I have, your Honor," was the meek reply.
"What is the use of having one if you do not study it and obey its rules?" asked the Judge sharply. Sharply.
"But this man was going to get away, your Honor," said the officer in a tone of justifica-

"That was not your fault," said the Judge.
"Well, that's the way we all do it." was the renly.
"Haven't you ever been told before that you couldn't make such an arrest without a warrant?"

rant?"
The policeman replied that he had never received any such instructions before.
"Then I will tell you now that I don't want a case like the present one to come before me again. If the officers will not obey the law. I don't see how they can fin! fault with the people when they break them."
"We do this right along," insisted the patrol-man.

Astoria, complained to Police Capt Delaney at the East Thirty-fifth street station last night that he had been assaulted in the hotel by Assistant Manager Nicholas Coyle and the hotel Detective Schuyler West. Many people staying in the hotel saw the beginning of the fight, Doyle said. Doyle lives at 204 East Fortyseventh street. He said he was engaged a week ago to run an elevator at the hotel and went to work at 5 o'clock last night. About 7 o'clock Coyle came around and accused him of not doing his work properly, and, in a moment, they were fighting on the main floor. Then Detective West appeared. He shove! Coyle and Doyle into the elevator, got in himself and let the elevator down to the basement. Then Doyle says both Coyle and West pitched into him and when they carried to their heads. Cap swears to their heads. Cap swears to the read the truth of this. The spot is called Herald's the truth of this. The spot is called Herald's the truth of this. The spot is called Herald's the truth of this. The spot is called Herald's the truth of this. The spot is called Herald's the main in uniform gave him a severe look, and the small boy was so need by it that he almost curied up on the spot. The main in uniform gave him a severe look, and the small boy was so need by it that he almost curied up on the spot. The main in uniform gave him a severe look, and the small boy was so need by it that he almost curied up on the spot. The main in uniform gave him a severe look, and the small boy was so need by it that he almost curied up on the spot. The main in uniform gave him a severe look, and the small boy was so need by it that he almost curied up on the spot. The main in uniform gave him a severe look, and the small boy was so need by it that he almost curied up on the spot in the small boy was so need by it that he almost curied up on the spot in the small boy was so need by it that he almost curied up on the spot in the small boy was so need body as few more similar looks, and the mail boy was for the benefit of all the says both Coyle and West pitched into him and when they got tired threw him out by a Capt. Delaney found that Doyle was seriously

rear door.
Capt. Delaney found that Doyle was seriously injured. He sent for an ambulance, and Doyle was taken to Believue. There the surgeons found that his nose was smashed, one rib broken, and he was cut about the face and hands. The doctors fixed him up and advised him up stay, but he went home.

The case did not belong in Capt. Delaney's precinct, so he cailed up the West Thirtieth street station and told the police there about it. He said he was satisfied that Doyle had been shamefully treate!. Detective Brundage, who is a good friend of Hotel Detective West, was sent over to investigate. He reported afterward to Capt. Thomas that no more force had been used to eject Doy e than was necessary. Manager Thomas of the hotel sail, when he was asked at first about the trouble, that he had not heard about it Later, after making inquiries, he said that Doyle had been drinking and had been ejected ones before during the evening. He came back through a rear entrance and was again put on the first had been used.

Cant Delaney said that he did not observe any signs which would indicate that Doyle had been drinking.

A Bitter Party Quarrel In Lincoln, Neb.,

Over the Kansas City Delegate. LINCOLN, Neb., March 10 - The Democratic county convention to-day, in this city, developed a bitter fight which became

"CAP" FOSDICK IS SET DOWN HARVARD STUDENTS' FRIEND NOW RUNS A DAY CAR!

for Thirteen Years He Has Taken the Boys Home From Boston After Midnight and Kept the Peace-And Such a Job as It Was His Romantic Life and Literary Fame.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., March 10. There is no doubt about it: Harvard is declining. "Cap" Fosdick, the conductor of the night car, has been taken away. Enteuthen exclaunce, and now he runs a car which goes by the way of the South Station to Postoffice Squere; and in the day time! Such a wormy route, all switches where there is no switchman, so that "Cap" must run out ahead with a stick, and poke the tongue over, and where his car actually has to wait for truckhorses to get thie r wind and try again. But even then, it would not be so bad-but Cap by day light! Cap, who has fought the storms of the seven seas, who has lent John Jacob Aster \$5 (which, he says, he never got back) whose word has been nearer law than anybody's except Prexy's and Prof. Shaler's to Harvard men; ap, whose appearance in Bowdoin Square struck half-past 12 at night for thirteen years Cap on a day car, and throwing switches! Now let the officials of the trolley line give him a letter of recommendation for use on Judgment Day! Fifty years ago, a good man of the name of

Talbot was the parson on Nantucket. He baptized Oliver G. Fosdick for a neighbor, and two years alter got somebody to perform the same office for his own son. Emory H. And sull two or three years later, little Emory H. sat by the window of the parsonage and envied "Kittleviler," as he played about in front of the little thread and needle store kept by his aunt. Forty years later, a weary night editor boarded the car home from Bowdein Square to Cambridge and met up again with Cap Fosdick, who meanwhile had written a book to wonder at and to refuse to believe. He had learned about women from so many that he made Kipling's hero look like the victim of a high school flirtation, and owned up to friendships in twenty-three races of human-

Nantucketers wouldn't know what was meant if anybody tried to talk about "Wanderlus them, but they all have it, and Cap Fosdick is a living example. His first loves were lighthouses; he adored Sankaty Head, where he spent much time in his extreme youth, and where a relative was the keeper, and it is in the annals came honestly enough by this, for his father was a sea captain, a real old time salt, home once in awhile with a set a yarns that were brought so far through the salt air that they furnished automatically the flavor necessary to belief.

"Kittleviler" had to go to them. But the schools went most to were on the wharves, and in the endleries, and at the age of 11, he ran away in the good old Nantucket style that makes about 0 per cent, of the candidates and breaks the other Cap was modest at the start, and ran away only for a vacation in the summer. He shipped on the Government schooner Hanger, the light house tender of the district. Her captain was Mr. Eldredge, who is now the keeper of the Cambridge Almshouse, so if Cap should ever go "broke and move in, he will be in a double sense in his second childhood, and under his first commander Cap was cabin boy and general helper on the Ranger, and in the fall he returned to school

Next summer he went again in the Ranger, for already he was popular with everybody. When he was arrived at the mature age of 13, Cap went on a whaling voyage, and as it was an open sea son, the brig in which he had shipped got so far north that the compasses went out of business from standing on their heads. Cap swears t

reason for doing it, but when he has a chance at matching builder against builder, canvas e gainst canvas, sailor against sallor, nerve against he would rather outpoint outsail, and outma-nevre a ship with a brig than to lick her. So Cap's captain called all hands, ran out stu'n's'l

booms, and rolled ballast aft to keep the brig from sticking her nose under.

In the course of the resultant stern chase, it was discovered that the pursuer was a Confederate privateer. The brig knew a little cove with a hole in the back, on the Alaskan coast, and she headed for that. There was a fine bar across the front door, which was to shallow for the ship, and the brig got away. "But we kept a masthead watch just the same," says Cap, telling the story to-day, "not for whales, as was our business, but for privateers."

Then there were more whaling voyages, and Cap had experiences that the Youth's Companion bought for first class fiction later. On one voyage, the usual argument with a whale and a harpoon was being proseculed by a boat's crew. It was nothing new to them; just the same day-by-day work, same crew, same bartsoon, same boat. But it was a different kind of a whole. It was no female whole, Cap says, and he ought to know, for he became acquainted with her later.

me boot. But it was a different kind of a whele, was a femele whale, Cap says, and he ought know, for he became acquainted with her later the novel. Any way, the whale e gented a micror right over the boat, wricking it, ling the officer in command and the boat steeper, it throwing the men into the water. From e.o., variations are mere matters of the reader's asymptom. Cap simply states what is self-

Section of the control control

proud went in town together to drown regret or to celebrate honor prospects. Either cause produced the same effect the simplest way was to pay enough on reaching the car to carry one round and round till Cap went off duty. A famous lecturer slept soundly one drizzly morning four trips rather than walk to Davinity Hall with a new-made acquaintance. Rooseveit has ridden with Cap so has Cornelius Vanderbilt, so has Joe Leiter; young Astor came in town early one morning, had to run for the car, and left his pocketbook in his other trousers. So Cap lent him 85. Then there was Buck Atwood, leader of a long list, and there were "broken hatted sports" by the thousand. Cap has smiled upon the freshman hung over the deshboard to drain, and has staked the gambling senior to a carfare. He never lost

hung over the dashbeard to drain, and has staked the gambling senior to a carfare. He never lost a cent, though one night the solvenir fever prompted some one to swipe a bunch of checks from Cap. An advertisement in the college paper, the Crimton, brought them back intact.

Any Harvard man of recent date will remember the invariable and unvarying methods of the gentle Cap. The row would grow furious, and in came Cap, shouldering through the crowd, and Easy, easy there, boys! Yes, I know, but give it to him after you get into the yard. Never mind the other; he s a mucker, and you can't do anything with him. Wait till we get by the next street; there's a copper there, and he'll be aboard if we don't look out. Now easy, boys." Cap never had a fight so hot he couldn't stop it by talking to the boys. And he doesn't forget the boys. Ten-years-alumni come back, and get the old word.

In the winter time, his hat came down so that

the boys. Ten-years-alumni come back, and get the old word.

In the winter time, his hat came down so that his ears stuck out. He didn't look much different in the summer, except for the uprightness of these appendages. And he always had a laugh owing him. Sometimes it was the freshmen who guyed a senior on the football team till Harvard Square was reached, when the senior licked each freshman as he came off the car; sometimes it was the Dickey minutations, and their requirements of the new members. One of them had to hold his cap in the rain till it was wet enough to squeeze and put out the cigarette butta in the window slots. Another collected the fares, and ran the car. Cap got all the money taken, too.

Cap has been twice married, and has four children. He lives in a cosey little house in Somerville, and for some years has owned a small retail business, which his wife runs. One of his daughters is a very well-known witer. And Cap himself is a regular contributor to the Youth's Companion, and other periodicals of like rank. In fact, Cap Fosdick has a record of accepted manuscripts that would make many a "well-known rurn green. He told so many good ones that a literary feller suggested once that he send in a story for the Companion. This was accepted with a demand for "more." And since then 95 per cent of Cap's stories have never come back, except as checks. cent. of Cap's stories have never come back, ex

SOMETHING DID HAPPEN,

But the Boy Spectators Did Not Learn What

The man with the blue uniform walked down Park row followed by a crowd of small boys. He wore a peaked hat with the initials of one of Nantucket that he coveted Cuttyhunk. Cip of the city departments on it, which explained why he was an object of interest to the youths who crowded in his wake. His uniform was so new that it suggested a recent appointment. but the importance of his manner indicated that he had been an inspector of hydrants all his life There were schools in Nantucket then, and He had tackled hydrants all along the row, let ting water out of some and passing others with a mere superficial examination. It was what he might do that made him such an object of interest to the small boys. When he reached hydrant in front of a big Park row office buildor, he placed has ear to it and then a worned oos came ever his face. Immediately the small cys whispered to one another that something readful had happened. Suddenly the man inbuttoned his line new overcoat and from someits recesses, brought out a wrench two

where in its recesses, brought out a wreich two feet long.

There was no longer any doubt in the minds of the street Arabs that a crisis in the career that bydrant had leen reached, for only a little six inch wrench had been used on the other bydrants. The man unscrewed the cap through which the water passes, and then raised the top of the hydrant. Then he made a long and critical examination of the nut on top. Finally he waved all the small boys away and fitting the wrench to the nut gave a quick turn. The small boys held their breath, but nothing happened. The man looked surprised and then gave another swift turn witth the wrench. Still nothing happened. "What's the matter, boss?" timidly ventured

and its owner was propelled with great suddenness out onto the Third avenue railroad tracks. It looked to those who saw the first shock as though the whole top of the man's head was going to fiv off, and the expression on his face indicated that he shared this fear. A citizen with presence of mind came along and gave the wrench a twist back, which shut off the water. Then the in spector of hydrants, minus a great deal of his dignity, picked himself up and sort of waddled back to the sidewalk. He wrining a little of the water out of his coatials and tucked a handker chief down under his celler, in an effort to get comfortable. Then he put the wrench back into his coat pocket, and started fo walk eway.

"Say, mister," yelled a small boy after him, "what was the matter?"

The man turned around and cast a look of

It Is Fed by News of Great Naval Prepara-

tions by Russia. VICTORIA, B. C., March 7.—Mail advices say that the war feeling grows rapidly throughout Japan, and, while the imminence of a conflict has been much exaggerated, it is admitted by even the most conservative press that diplo-





PLOT TO COPY MACHINERY?

TWO DESUGHISMEN CAUGHT IN HILBERT BROS. & CO.'S LOFT.

said to Have Offered 850 and \$100 to Be Let In at Night-Armed With Bristol Board and Mechanical Draughtsmen's Tools-Police Were Watting for Them. This anonymous letter was received at

Police Headquarters yesterday: "A party has been calling for the past two weeks to inspect a loft next door to the building in which the writer occupies rooms. The party has made particular friends with the engineer and the elevator man of the building, giving them cigars and buying them drinks. Two days ago the party offered to give the elevator man \$50 if he would let him have access to the building at night in order that he might thus have access o the apartments of Hulbert Bros. & Co., furriers, at 186 Wooster street. The engineer said that he needed money but did not want to make it that way. The next day the party returned and offer d the engineer \$100 if he would grant the request. The engineer made a date to meet the party in the basement to-

night. As soon as this letter had been read Detectives Stringer, Brown, Crystal and Frazee were sent around to the place the letter came from. They had an interview with the engineer and he let them go to Hulbert Bros. & Co.'s quar-ters on the sixth floor of the building and wait to see if the stranger would put in an appear ance. At 9:30 o'clock the engineer took two men to the third floor and left them alone. The men, who carried a rope, a dark lantern and a ladder, broke into the sixth floor loft where the detectives were. They were then arrested.

They did not turn out to be ordinary burglars. They had no jimmies, skeleton keys or dynamite. Instead they were loade! down with Bristol board and mechanical draughtsmen's tools. They explained that they had been hired to enter the floor of Hulbert Bros & Co., on which was some complicated machinery for a secret process used by the firm, and were to have made drawings of the machinery.

They were taken to Police Headquarters where they said they were Frank N. Roehrig of 143 Bergen street, Brooklyn, and Thomas 3. McGirr of 60 Pincapple street, Brooklyn. They offered to explain everything to the ser-geant, but he refused to hear them and told them to keep any statements for the Magistrate in Centre street court this morning. They were locked up, but the charge was left blank against their names on the blotter, as the sergeant could not make up his mind whether to charge them with illegal entry, burglary, attempted larceny or as suspicious persons. and decided he would let the Magistrate pick out the charge that fitted best.

CAIN KNOCKS REILLY OUT.

FUNERAL OF MLLE, HENRIOT. Actress Killed in the Theatre Francats Fire

Buried at Montmartre. Special Cuble Despatch to THE SUN.

Paris. March 10 .- The funeral services of Mile. Henriette Henriot, the actress who was burned to death in the Theatre Français fire on Thursday, were held to-day at the Church of St. Honoré, The edifice was crowded, Most of the people noted here in art and letters were

M. Levgues, Minister of Public Instruction. attended the funeral, and President Loubet and Premier Waldeck-Rousseau sent repre-

sentatives. Interment was made in the cemetery of

Montmartre. TARER IN A NEW PLAY IN LONDON. Laurence Irving's "Bonnie Dundee," Not

Well Received. Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN. LONDON, March 10.-Robert Taber produced this evening at the Adelphi Theatre Laurence leving's historical romance "Bonnie Dundee." The critics received the play unfavorably. They say, however, that Mr. Taber as the hero of the piece made the best of a part in which he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself. The play is essentially a melodrama which depends upon stagey effects to excite interest,

French Amnesty Commission.

Special Cab'e Desparch to THE BUN. Paris, March 10.-The Senate Amnesty Commission listened to-day to the testimony of in by the Yankees came from an American-the Premier Waldeck-Rousseau and M. Monis, the Minister of Justice. M. Joseph Reinach. the editor, Col. Picquart and M. Zola have been summoned to appear before the commission next Tuesday

THE GUARDIAN OF THE DOME.

An Old Man in Washington Whose Days Are Spent Far Above Other Men.

until another greeting reaches them, and through an arch in the wall they see the old man who lives

and otherwise in the three terms of the second of the position from the position fro

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DEAFNESS OVERCOME.

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HAVANA BURLESQUES US.

MAKES FUN OF THE "RAINY-DAY SKIRT" AT THE CARNIVAL. The Cubans Have Kept Silent About This

Apparel, but Were Astonished Over 1

-Sam Small's Blast Over It-Carnival

Gave the Cubans Their Opportunity. HAVANA, March 4. -The most independent cree ture in Cuba is the American woman tourist. Those of the fair sex who have thrown their lot with the Havanese for any great length of time have found it necessary to observe somewhat the cue toms of the country, but not so the tourist who blows in here for a few days just to see the sights. No sooner does she get ashere and into her trunks than she drags out her rainy day skirt and her camera and sets forth seeking whom she may devour accompanied or unaccompanied by man as the situation from her own untrammeled American point of view demands. Up and down the streets afoot and en coche, in the parks out to the cemetery across the harbor to grim old Cobanas and romantic Morro she goes with utter unconcern snap-sheeting everything that strikes her vivid fancy as of interest. The Cubena accustomed perforce to strange deeds on the part of the Americans, male and female, look on in mild-eyed wonder but without a word of proteststrangely enough, too, for they rarely miss a chance to protest in the most formal and highflown manner. The first and only howl to be raised against the rainy day skirt which ocularly was the most radical of the innovations brought

Rev. Sam W. Small, the erstwhile revivalist. The Rev. Sam is no longer a revivalist however. He is no longer even a reverend by profession. After the close of the war during which he acted as Chaplain for the Volunteer Engineer regiment stationed in Cuba during the early part of 1809 the Rev. Sam reverted to journalism from whose devicus paths he had formerly been rescued by the Rev. Sam Jones. Estab-WASHINGTON, March 10 .- As visitors climb lishing himself as the head of the Harana Jourthe iron spiral stairway to the dome of the Capitol | nat. "the only All American paper in Cuba," the a voice gives them friendly greeting when they ex-revivalist took up his pen and for several months are at a particularly steep angle of the stairs he cut a pretty wide swathe in the journalistic been startled by this greeting as they look up to the whispering gallery above and over at the pigmies on the floor of the rotunda below. They look at the blank wails about them and the dark stairs winding above and below, and conclude that it is another of the remarkable Capital echoes until another greeting reaches them, and through about half-way up. Many a young couple have field. The Journal had no cable service and or anything the fur flew. He played tag with Governmental policies and individual idiosyncra-

in the dome.

A curious character is this old man. He is tail and well-built, with remarkably bright eyes and a clear ruddy complexion, and would scarcely be called the "old" man except for his white hair and beard. With his cheery good-day he sometimes disturbs a cosey couple, but he is so sociable and good-natured that they cannot complain, and a few words with him awakens the interest of the stranger. He is a philosopher in his way—a student of human nature. From his high perch in the dome he looks down each day at the statesmen passing through the rotunda from House to Senate and from Senate to House, and at the never ending procession of sightseers looking like crawling turtles. From the high windows he gets a bird's eye view of the city and his vision

CINCINNATI, March 10. Tips requires of ligra Cemetery. Since August last the remains have rested in a vault in Washington. The togral services, were confusted under a best as Spring Grove. Only the immediate family and friends attended. The Rev. Poter Vinsley of the Church of the Advent, Walnut Hills, conducted the services.

Stoux Crry. In , March 10,- trefiblishop John

by information from an unquestion the author-ity received here to-alight. The allegessor is Archbishop Hennessey has been dichled upon for some time and the consultors, irremovable rectors and Bishops will ratify the choice of Archbishop Keane this week.